











HENRI F. MIDDLETON,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1856.

AMERICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
MILLARD FILLMORE,  
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
ANDREW J. DONELSON,  
OF TENNESSEE.

Of Sales, advertised in the Shelby News, and by bills printed at the News Office.

AT PRIVATE SALE:  
Farm of W. W. Parrish. See advertisement.  
Jediah W. Gill's very desirable Farm, near Clayville. See advertisement.  
Farm of Lucinda D. Layton, dec'd. See advertisement of W. S. Will.

Two Farms in Spencer county. See advertisement of Daniel Nowlin and James Resnor.

AT PUBLIC SALE:  
June 26: Some fine blooded stock by John Card, of Fayette county. See advertisement.

SPECIAL NOTICES.  
Read all the cards under the head of Special Notices.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.  
Dissolution. By a notice in to-day's issue, the reader will see that Shelby Vannatta has sold out his interest in, and withdrawn from the firm of John P. Allen & Co., and that the business will be continued by J. P. Allen and E. Hickman.

Fourth of July. Celebrations are referred to the advertisement of the Celebration of Independence Day by the Literary Societies of Centre College. We hope they will have an auspicious day, and recommend every body to go.

Kentucky Female College. Parents and Guardians are referred to the prospectus of the Kentucky (Baptist) Female College, which is in the hands of the Teachers as regarded as equal to that of most Schools.

Chances and Glass Ware Auction. We refer all readers to the advertisement of Thomas D. Morton, who opened on Tuesday afternoon the 24th, his auction room, to dispose of a large stock of very superior China, Glassware, Fancy Goods, &c. &c. We think on examination, it will be found that he has some fine ware as has never been.

The sale was intended to open on Monday last; but, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Morton it was postponed until Tuesday. Mr. M. invites the citizens of Shelbyville and vicinity, and the public generally, to call and examine for themselves. He feels assured that they will find it the finest stock of Goods ever offered at auction, or otherwise, in this place. All of which will be sold without reserve to the highest bidder. The sale will continue from day to day until the stock is closed out.

Barbecue. Dr. E. P. O'Neill gives notice of a Barbecue at Greenburg—late Hardinsville—on the 4th proximo. See the advertisement in another column.

Holloway's Pills, a Cure for Sick Headache and Bile.—William Kerner, of Dover, Maine, was, perhaps, one of the greatest sufferers from sick headache and bile; scarcely a day passed without his feeling the dreadful effects of these formidable evils. He put himself in the hands of the doctor, but they did him no good; in fact, he became worse, until his sufferings were more than human nature could bear, and he almost sunk under the weight of his affliction. He commenced using Holloway's Pills, which acted upon the system, cleaned the bowels, cleared the head, and by preventing further attacks, he was enabled to get his health. He has ever since been entirely free from these dreadful attacks.

Our Correspondents.  
"A Kentuckian" is decidedly green. He will have to get up earlier in the morning, before he "comes the giraffe" over us. The telegraph itself, could hardly manage to get a message to us twenty-four hours ahead of time. His letter is dated, "Enon Valley, Penn., June 17, 1856;" and professes to be mailed at "Cincinnati, June 17;" and we had it in our possession, at 10 o'clock, a. m., June 17! Besides, his representations about BUCHANAN's popularity, and the favor with which his nomination is received, is simply all gone. We know better. BUCHANAN is not a favorite in Pennsylvania. The two most popular men in the State, are JAMES BUCHANAN and WILLIAM F. JOHNSON; and neither, personally, can command 1,000 votes; nor can parties rally a majority for either, by 50,000. Mark, what we say.

The first "A Kentuckian" shows himself to be a fast and furious anti-American blower, full of gas, and fond of letting it off with a great boom. In assertions too, he is a proficient. He has no doubt adopted some KENTUCKIAN motto: "make assertions, and stick to them; for a well stuck to, is as effective as a truth."

Apprentices.—We desire to take two or three Boys, of from 14 to 16 years of age, as Apprentices to the Printing Business. Early application must be made.

It has just been said, that the Printing Office is the best College a studious and industrious boy can graduate in. With a fair English education, in three or four years, more practical information, and a better general knowledge of life, will be obtained, than by ten to fifteen years in College.

Thomson's Council.—The members of the American Party, and all favorable to the Principles of the Party, and the election of MILLARD FILLMORE, are requested to meet at the Court House, in Shelbyville, on Thursday evening, the 26th instant, at 7 o'clock. A full attendance of the members of the Council is extremely required.

A Large Gold Key Lost.—On the 16th or 17th instant, between Shelbyville and GARRETT'S Blacksmith's shop, a large gold WATCH KEY was lost. It is marked on one side "G. B. P." on the other "E. F. P." It was the gift of a deceased brother to the owner, and therefore highly valued. The finder will be liberally rewarded, on leaving it at Armstrong's Hotel, Shelbyville, Ky.

Mineral Water.—Our friend, MR. GEORGE W. RANNEY, sent us several bottles of very superior MINERAL WATER. It was quite refreshing, after the dust and heat of one of those blistering hot days. Mr. R. keeps on hand a supply; also, of all kinds of Confectionaries.

Chestnut Grove.—By a letter from Hon. HORA TIO KING, First Assistant Post Master General, to Hon. HENRY MARSHALL, which is in our possession, we are informed, that Dr. JAMES LOWERY has been appointed Postmaster at Chestnut Grove, near Mr. R. P. B. Postage, resigned.

The mail route from Shelbyville to LaGrange, via Chestnut Grove has also been revived; and we understand, been let. In a week or two, therefore, we may anticipate having mail communication reestablished between the county seat and the north-western section of the county.

Purify your Blood.—It has been a long established rule, and "one attended with the very best results," to take a good medicine during the spring and summer months. The human system undergoes a marked change at these periods—cutaneous diseases become developed—the liver assumes a torpid action—the blood requires cleansing, and the whole body demands a decided tonic impression. Hurley's Serravallo's is the medicine to be used, and let no one be deceived in taking any other.—St. Louis Herald.

Our readers must not be surprised, if on Monday next, the 30th instant, there should occur fearful scenes of bloodshed in the U. S. House of Representatives. The report on the Brooks' case is the order for that day; and the Southern members have said his conduct shall not be censured. On the contrary, men who are for expelling Brooks will go to the House determined to speak freely, and bravely the consequences.

The American Party.—The rise, progress, and success of the American Party are equalled only by the power, beauty, and truth of its principles. It is now scarcely three years since it had its advent. Wise patriots who saw the danger ahead, and the imperative necessity for advertising it, formed the determination to execute a plan to check the impetus and influence of foreign immigration and the insidious evils of foreign Papacy. The American heart, from Maine to California, responded with a throb of approbation. The voice of patriotism joined in shouting welcome to the enterprise with such promptitude, and in such notes of harmony, as showed there was a dormant, but lively, feeling ready for action—there was a feeling, conscious of the necessity for some energetic and decisive movement, sleeping deep down in the breasts of Americans, which needed only to be touched by the voice of warning, in order to startle it into lively utterance. That feeling has been touched by the voice of sympathy, following the cord which unites the hearts of Americans from one section to another; and all along the line, from North to South—from East to West, one universal response has reverberated through the land—"Americans shall rule America."

This sound has been taken up and echoed and reechoed, until it now fills the ears of joyous Americans with delight, as it comes upon every breeze; and it tingles and burns in the ears of anti-Americans, like the death-dealing sirocco. The isolated fact of such unprecedented success—such warm and heart-gushing approbation—is, of itself, sufficient evidence of the rectitude of the movement. The men of America are not to be stirred into boiling commotion, or harrassed into a revolution of parties, by the flimsy pretexes, and vulgar appeals of demagogues. Such things may do for the volatile and impulsive Frank, or the hot-blooded Hungarian, writhing under the thongs of the Austrian lash. But republican America sees no treason in dreams, and hears no revolution in the sighing winds. Americans may worship a songstress, or eulogize a danseuse, or feast and carress a foreign hero, and humbug themselves for a season. But when it comes to political action and political association, their stern independence, native good sense and intelligence, are too strong to be wafted about by every wind of doctrine. The blood that boiled in the veins of revolutionary heroes, is yet coursing the veins of their posterity; but it does not lack the cooling influence which was ever present to regulate its temperature, and guide the judgement of the men who made and saved our country.

A furor about a songstress; an enthusiasm about a religion; a spirit of mobocracy about a private or public outrage, may burst forth, and lead and drive Americans into follies, indiscretions, and even crimes, for a short season. But when their political faith is addressed, their country's good involved, and a new political scheme devised and submitted to them, there is no phrenzied shout of approval, nor his of disapprobation. If their judgement yields to its propriety, expediency, and necessity, they join it firmly, determinedly, and with hearty honest conviction, and nerves fully braced by the strength of their judgements. If they disapprove, the demagogue soon finds it whispered to him by the breath of rumor, or feels it in the look, tone, and manner of the populace. The truth is, there is an American wisdom—an innate, vernacular sense, in the minds of our people,—planted there by a wise and approving God,—which is intended to capacitate them for a quick comprehension of approaching danger, and the necessity of action, that the destiny of this nation—this grand scheme of perpetuating a pure and powerful Government—may, for wise ends, be accomplished.

Through three short years number its history, thousands upon thousands have gathered within the lines of the American Party, and have marched with triumph to victory after victory, and now numbers are giving in their adhesion to the policy of the party. It is true, it has met with reverses, and with opposition. In many cases "Sam" marched with such a slow and silent tread into the precincts of the enemy, that whilst they slept he stole the locks from their crowns, and deprived them of their strength. At other times, they were more cautious, and rallied with every known, except Americanism, and vanquished the Americans.—But, what adventure, what scheme, what measure for advancing, and smothering man's condition, has not met with opposition, denunciation, and temporary periods of dependency, and even defeat? Every grand project for man's good, every invention for man's improvement, and every political measure has met with difficulties, with sneers, doubts—traducers and enemies. Times of gloom overhung COLUMBUS in his grand enterprise for discovering a continent;—men of learning laughed at him as a booby. FULTON and FRYCH were looked upon as puffs of steam, whose memories would go off in exhalations of smoke generated by their own folly. The idea of talking to men from one end of the continent to the other, by means of electricity, was viewed as the emanation of the feverish and heated brain of an enthusiast. Every grand work needs time;—must have its enemies;—must fight its way into being;—must be schooled in the tribulation of adversity, before its strength can be tested, or its merits investigated and understood. But with all the jealousy, bitter hatred, and vituperous denunciation the American Party has had to endure, from all the parties, isms and factions, it has stood its ground nobly, and firmly and steadily worked its way into respectability and formidable importance. No history shows such magical and well proportioned growth, on a radical soil, of a party having in view a radical transformation in the condition and status of parties in our country. The denunciations of its secrecy, its alleged proscriptive tendencies, and abolitionism; and the misrepresentations and

accusations that it has had to endure from the most unscrupulous of all parties;—charges of treason, murder, conspiracy, and rebellion,—have not sufficed to curb its energetic purpose, nor alarm it from its upward progress. If in three short years it gives such evidences of alarm to its enemies, and such strength and maturity has been imparted to its muscles and sinews, what hopeful hearts and joyous anticipations should possess its friends! Nerve our arms and renew our efforts, and victory is ours!

The advent of the American Party was not heralded by flaming handbills, and vociferous appeals to the passions of the people; nor were any of the appliances of humbugger resorted to, to excite a feeling of phrensy. No prejudices were appealed to; no rewards offered; no revenge proposed.—But quietly and humbly the intents of the party were communicated to men of all parties, and before the world was aware of any organization, it sprang into our midst, full grown, well formed,—startling the old parties into a consciousness of danger. Its aims and its principles were so apparent, and so true, and so just, that to mention them to American ears, called from American hearts voices responsive to its justice.

Let enemies denounce us.—We feed upon the hate of others, and grow fat upon their bitter slang. Let defeat stagger us for a time: we know no such word as "yield." Let other parties bargain, intrigue, and compromise: we have strength, youth, growing prospects and bright hopes, and will win the victory,—note, and in all time to come. If we should fail in our first effort, we know the strength and justice of our cause too well either to despair, or despond. "Hope never dies;" and Justice and Truth will ever triumph. For one repulse,—no, nor a dozen,—will the American Party forego the purposes they have resolved to effect. They know, that, "Freedom's battle, once begun, though baffled off, is ever won."

Mr. E. R. Campbell.—See card of the friends of this gentleman.

Archibald Dixon.—This man, like Col. PAXTON, never was a CLAY Whig. He joined the Whig party, because, at the time, it was overwhelmingly the great Party of the State, and held the offices within its control.—But he ever exhibited an overweening jealousy to CLAY, CRITTENDEN, LETCHER, DAVIS, and other great Statesmen of the Commonwealth. Their talents overshadowed him; and his hatred was so often manifested, that he was ever mounting and riding some hobby to death, to bring his name before the people. "Reform," "New Constitution," "Elective Judiciary," "Abolitionism" and every thing that would do to raise a dust with, was brought into requisition by "Shilly-Shalling Archie." He was never counted upon, when in the Legislature, when parizan questions were to be decided. He never had the confidence of the Whigs of the State;—hence his defeat for Governor by LAZ. W. POWELL. His advocacy of Mr. CLAY's vile defamer and libeler, BUCHANAN, is about the only piece of consistency he was ever guilty of.

All this is to prove that Washington was a Know Nothing, we presume. If he was one, he was not on honest man.

If he [Washington] held the doctrine of the Know Nothing party he was dishonest.—Louisville Democrat.

Such is the comment of the "Louisville Democrat," on the letters of WASHINGTON, in opposition to the employment of foreigners in offices of trust and profit.

The "Democrat" commits two outrages in the two sentences,—or rather, two in each of the sentences. One is the gross and vulgar insult implied to all Americans—"Know-Nothings," in the language of the "Democrat,"—that they are dishonest men! Now, readers, all of you are dishonest, if you are Americans! If you believe in amending or altering the naturalization laws, you are dishonest! If you are for curbing the wily and blasting influence of the Pope of Rome, you are dishonest! If you are for snatching from the ugly mug of a mouth of the "Democrat" the government pap, you are dishonest! Yes, men as far above the ex-parson Editor of the "Democrat" in purity, as the angels in heaven are above the Prince of Darkness, are branded by his venomous pen as dishonest!—Men as far above him in patriotism and intelligence as the Father he slanders is now and always will be above him in purity, are stigmatized by him as dishonest!

—But the foulest insult is that to the memory of WASHINGTON. The "Democrat" cannot prove that WASHINGTON was not friendly to American policy, as now advocated. It scorns history, ignores facts, and raves at principle. And in its rage at being unable to refute the claim Americans have upon the name of WASHINGTON in their cause, it turns, like a whipped cur flying from its pursuers, and snarls and bites and lobbos on every thing that impedes his flight under difficulties. WASHINGTON dishonest! if he was an American—"Know Nothing!" About as tasteful a sentiment as the backguard abolition infidel uttered, when it was proved to him that the Bible sanctioned Slavery.—"If," said he, "God is an advocate of Slavery, or His Word sanctions it, He is a wicked God, and sanctions a hellish sin."

Here it is, in the nineteenth century, the name of WASHINGTON,—the Hero of the Country's History—the grand centre column of our political structure,—is to be spit upon, stained with the foul breath of opposing politicians with the epithet of "dishonest!" To such straits are worshippers of false gods and foreign perfidy reduced. If such is the fate of patriotism, fame and popularity such as WASHINGTON deserved and won, we may well exclaim with COWPER:

Enthusiasm, private affection: like (Bouncing) or moderation and o'er reason. That turns to hate, as enemies and as fierce.

On the 16th instant, the convicts in the Indiana penitentiary revolted against their keepers, and endeavored to get out.—They fired one of the buildings, and considerable loss—about \$15,000 to \$20,000 resulted therefrom. The flames and the insubordination were finally subdued.—On the next day about thirty-five of the convicts were well whipped.

Gov. WATSON, of Indiana, made an anti-American speech to the anti American Democratic Convention, at LaGrange, on the 16th instant. We think his Free Soil Excellency had better stay at home, and attend to his official duties. Kentuckians should treat with scorn and contempt the intermeddling of a man who has, like Gov. WATSON, exhausted the billingsgate vocabulary in his abuse of Kentucky.

Reputed.—Old-time Democrats, North, East, South and West, are repudiating BUCHANAN. We have never witnessed such a universal stampede among prominent papers and leading men, as the blue-light Federalist—Ten Cent Jimmy, has occasioned. We had prepared a list for publication; but it is so extensive, even thus early, that we cannot find room for it. Go it, ye anti-American Federal Free-soilers!—FILLMORE rules the day. The die is cast. The nomination of BUCHANAN on Friday was the certain foreshadowing of his overwhelming defeat!

The Whigs and the anti-American Democrats.—The organs and leaders of the anti-American Democracy argue very ingeniously for the support of Southern old line Whigs; and, we are sorry to see, that some of the latter aid and abet them in their fallacies. They say, the great question of the day, with Southern men, is the slavery question; that the position of BUCHANAN is pro-slavery, and the South Democratic, ergo, they must support him against the Black Republicans. All this betrays a great weakness. It takes too much for granted. Whigs who talk thus suffer themselves to be seduced under the plea that they are to be ravished. They reason upon the principle, that "if Mahomet will not go to the mountain, the mountain must go to Mahomet."—The Democrats will not come to us; therefore, we must go to the Democrats; at least we feel and know that Mr. FILLMORE is sound and conservative upon the slavery question, and devoted to the maintenance of the harmony and union of the States.

But, what is the position of FILLMORE and BUCHANAN,—the two pro-slavery candidates, if you please? BUCHANAN shows a record tainted with Free Soilism,—dyed in Abolitionism. His blots and blurs are calculated to arouse the doubts and fears of every Southern patriot. He has been wavering and dubious in his adherence to the policy of the South. He is untrue, as a National man.

MILLARD FILLMORE presents a record in no way tarnished by blots; in no line subject to caviar or criticism from the most ardent devotee to Slavery policy. He stood upon deck when the ship of State was tossed and beat upon by the heaviest waves of passion; and, dauntless and fearless, defied the breakers from the North and the South. He stood firmly by the compromise measures.—He put forth his utmost strength in the maintenance of those laws, including the fugitive slave law, and decapitated every traitor to the South.

To the Editor of the Shelby News: Mr. MIDDLETON: I cannot, consistently with my views of truth and justice, let this occasion pass, without requesting you to publish, for the general good, a short notice of the Examination of the Pupils of this Institution, ending June 19, 1856. And, as I intend to be as brief as I can, (waiting, as I am, at Frankfort, for the cars to Lexington,) I would just say, that good, great, and grand, as I know the two immediately preceding Annual Examinations to have been, yet Mrs. Tavis has, this week, far excelled herself. In every branch of learning taught in this school, this year, in which her pupils were examined, they have evinced a most thorough training. Never has it been my privilege to witness as much of depth, variety and readiness of scholarship as was plainly to be seen and heard during the Examination just closed, embracing in its range History of the United States, Roman and Grecian Antiquities, Ancient Geography, Criticisms on Language, Botany, Chemistry, Algebra, Geometry, Astronomy, French in dialogues, French Geography in French, Moral Science, Mental Science, Music, instrumental and vocal, Drawing and Painting, and perhaps others, that have seemed to end to the number of studies, and nothing equal to the facility with which questions were answered.

The Compositions, written and read by the young ladies, were of a very high order generally, evincing native talent, and a cultivated mind, heart and taste, which, considering the age of the pupils and their time at school, have seldom been equalled, and, I very believe, never surpassed.

Every parent who witnessed this Examination, had good reason to rejoice that he or she had placed, or might place, their precious daughters, safely, in the hands of so able, so noble a lady, as Mrs. JULIA A. TAVIS.

Mrs. Tavis is assisted by a corps of able Teachers as can probably be found in connection with any female college in the Union, viz: Mrs. Martin, Miss Haines, Dr. Tavis, and Prof. Kappes, who are themselves assisted by Mrs. Kappes, Miss Bayles, Miss Baldwin, Miss Hogsland, Miss Lockwood, and Miss Reitz. During the year just closed, 234 young ladies were in attendance, 17 of whom, (a most lovely and interesting class) on Thursday evening, June 19, passed from under the guardianship and control of the Principal, to assume the varied duties of life, and to make (I trust) the world wiser, better, and happier in consequence of their having been trained by Mrs. JULIA A. Tavis. Their names I cannot now give, but they may be seen in the list of names of the Senior Class in the Catalogue. Where all were so nearly perfect, there is but little propriety in mentioning the name of any particular young lady composing a part of this lovely class; yet at some future time, I may give their characters fully, which I feel it would be a great pleasure to do.

I conclude by remarking, that America has furnished but one GEORGE WASHINGTON; England, but one HANNAN MOORE; France, but one NAPOLEON BONAPARTE; the Democratic party, but one ANDREW JACKSON; the Whig party, but one HENRY CLAY; and when these died, they left vacancies not yet filled; and when JULIA TAVIS shall be called from earth to Heaven to be crowned with eternal bliss, who will step in to fill her place? And echo answers—WHO?

The Present Issue.—We told our friends to look for this issue of the Shelby News: Have we not given them one of the numbers that will do to stand by? This is but an earnest of what we shall do, during the campaign. Let every body subscribe for The Shelby News for the campaign. We want five thousand campaign subscribers.

Judge Marshall.—In this issue Hon. THOMAS A. MARSHALL is announced as a candidate for reelection to the station he has so long held and so highly honored.—Of his reelection we feel no doubt; still, we would press it upon the attention of all voters, that they should not forget to record their votes for him; or, peradventure, some man might succeed, in whom the people might not have confidence.

Send them Out.—Subscribers for The Shelby News for the campaign are coming in. Many are taking several copies to send to their friends, in Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, and other States. That is the way. Circulate the documents. The Shelby News is unquestionably one of the best newspapers published; and then where is the American paper that outranks it?—Can't be found.

We hope our friends will roll up large lists, and send them in by next Saturday.

Their Action.—We mentioned in our last week's issue, that the Black Republican Convention was in session at Philadelphia; and the Bolters from the American Convention of February last, with a few deluded followers, were holding a meeting in New York city. Both bodies, or at least their leaders, were Abolitionists and Free-soilers,—differing only in the degree of their hostility to the South. The Bolters first nominated N. P. BANKS, of Massachusetts, for President, and W. T. JOHNSTON, of Penn., for Vice President, hoping that the Black Republicans would nominate the same men. But the Black Republicans nominated J. C. FREMONT for President, and Mr. DAYTON of New Jersey for Vice President. The Bolters then withdrew BANKS and nominated FREMONT. A portion of the Bolters' convention, bolted on the nomination of BANKS, held a separate meeting, and nominated Com. STOCKTON for President, and Mr. RAYNER for Vice President. It is believed, that both these gentlemen will promptly decline the honor. (?)—Indeed, it is known, that Mr. RAYNER will.

The nomination of FREMONT is intended to assist the Prince of Free-soilers, BUCHANAN—"Buck" being the favorite of Col. BENTON, BLAIR, the VAS BURENS, and their allies. But, we believe it will have the effect of giving every Northern State to FILLMORE. The Conservatives of the old parties will to a man throw their influence for the American nominees, whilst the office-holders and seekers, will go for BUCHANAN, and the sectionalists for FREMONT. The ultra Abolitionists will vote for their own ticket, GARRETT SMITH and McFARLAND.

Science Hall Female Academy.—Thirtieth Anniversary.

To the Editor of the Shelby News: Mr. MIDDLETON: I cannot, consistently with my views of truth and justice, let this occasion pass, without requesting you to publish, for the general good, a short notice of the Examination of the Pupils of this Institution, ending June 19, 1856. And, as I intend to be as brief as I can, (waiting, as I am, at Frankfort, for the cars to Lexington,) I would just say, that good, great, and grand, as I know the two immediately preceding Annual Examinations to have been, yet Mrs. Tavis has, this week, far excelled herself. In every branch of learning taught in this school, this year, in which her pupils were examined, they have evinced a most thorough training. Never has it been my privilege to witness as much of depth, variety and readiness of scholarship as was plainly to be seen and heard during the Examination just closed, embracing in its range History of the United States, Roman and Grecian Antiquities, Ancient Geography, Criticisms on Language, Botany, Chemistry, Algebra, Geometry, Astronomy, French in dialogues, French Geography in French, Moral Science, Mental Science, Music, instrumental and vocal, Drawing and Painting, and perhaps others, that have seemed to end to the number of studies, and nothing equal to the facility with which questions were answered.

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For The Shelby News.  
Prof. E. H. CAMPBELL.—Resolutions of Commencement.  
Whereas, E. R. CAMPBELL has been our Teacher for the last two years, and his term having just closed, we deem it due him, as patrons of his school, to adopt the following resolutions, expressive of our kind feelings toward him:  
1. Resolved, That we commend him for his deportment as a Teacher, while in our employ.  
2. Resolved, That we have never had a more competent, kind, and industrious Teacher, than he; nor have we ever seen a Teacher so beloved and respected by his Pupils.  
3. Resolved, That although he closed his term with various false reports being circulated in regard to the correctness of his Pupils, we would simply say, that none should circulate any of them, until they can hear a legal investigation of the same.  
Resolved, That we have never had a more accomplished, as an instructor, intelligent, kind, and Christian man.  
That he should be held in consistent with his wishes to teach for us again, that we will pledge him our most hearty and welcome support.  
THOS. C. GUTHRIE, A. S. FREDERICK, A. R. MIDDLETON, B. S. GRAHAM, JOHN A. MIDDLETON, B. S. GRAHAM, GEO. H. STORTS, J. M. SHIPMAN, B. M. BECKMAN, J. S. T. RICHARDS, D. F. MIDDLETON, C. R. THRELDKELD, A. M. WILLIS, JACOB STOFFER, R. J. ARNETT, J. SHEPPARD, W. C. MORTON, I. MARTIN.

Wood.—We are out of Wood.—Several persons have promised to pay us in wood; and we hope they will not delay in delivering it. It is absolutely needed.

Will you Not?—We have owing to us upwards of \$2,000,—mostly in sums ranging from \$2 to \$10. Now will each person who knows he is indebted to us, call, or send, and pay the amount of his indebtedness? We need now very much all that is owing to us. Will you not, friends, comply with this polite, but urgent request?

MARRIED.  
In Louisville, on Thursday morning last, by Rev. W. W. Hill, D. D., Miss FRANCES MARSHALL, daughter of Mr. VIRGIL McDOWELL, of Shelby county, Ky., to Dr. D. WILLIAMS, of Carlisle, Ky.

DIED.  
In Louisville, on the morning of the 23d instant, Mr. JOSEPH SIMPSON, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 16th of May last, at his residence in Buchanan county, Missouri, Mr. JAMES H. DIMITZ, formerly of Jefferson county, Ky., in the 36th year of his age.

For The Shelby News.  
Prof. E. H. CAMPBELL.—Resolutions of Commencement.  
Whereas, E. R. CAMPBELL has been our Teacher for the last two years, and his term having just closed, we deem it due him, as patrons of his school, to adopt the following resolutions, expressive of our kind feelings toward him:  
1. Resolved, That we commend him for his deportment as a Teacher, while in our employ.  
2. Resolved, That we have never had a more competent, kind, and industrious Teacher, than he; nor have we ever seen a Teacher so beloved and respected by his Pupils.  
3. Resolved, That although he closed his term with various false reports being circulated in regard to the correctness of his Pupils, we would simply say, that none should circulate any of them, until they can hear a legal investigation of the same.  
Resolved, That we have never had a more accomplished, as an instructor, intelligent, kind, and Christian man.  
That he should be held in consistent with his wishes to teach for us again, that we will pledge him our most hearty and welcome support.  
THOS. C. GUTHRIE, A. S. FREDERICK, A. R. MIDDLETON, B. S. GRAHAM, JOHN A. MIDDLETON, B. S. GRAHAM, GEO. H. STORTS, J. M. SHIPMAN, B. M. BECKMAN, J. S. T. RICHARDS, D. F. MIDDLETON, C. R. THRELDKELD, A. M. WILLIS, JACOB STOFFER, R. J. ARNETT, J. SHEPPARD, W. C. MORTON, I. MARTIN.

Wood.—We are out of Wood.—Several persons have promised to pay us in wood; and we hope they will not delay in delivering it. It is absolutely needed.

Will you Not?—We have owing to us upwards of \$2,000,—mostly in sums ranging from \$2 to \$10. Now will each person who knows he is indebted to us, call, or send, and pay the amount of his indebtedness? We need now very much all that is owing to us. Will you not, friends, comply with this polite, but urgent request?

MARRIED.  
In Louisville, on Thursday morning last, by Rev. W. W. Hill, D. D., Miss FRANCES MARSHALL, daughter of Mr. VIRGIL McDOWELL, of Shelby county, Ky., to Dr. D. WILLIAMS, of Carlisle, Ky.

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# Life Garland.

June, with its roses—June!  
The gladdest month of our capricious year,  
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear;  
And with the birds and bees and blossoms,  
Of the bright laughing waters, as they pass  
Laughingly on amid the springing grass!

Earth, at her joyous coming  
Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on;  
And Nature greets her with a benison;  
While myriad voices, humming  
Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,  
Till seem the air an ocean of sound.

The overarching arch  
Weathers a softer sun, a lovelier light,  
As if the light of heaven were melting through  
Itsapphire home on high;  
Hiding the sunshine in its vaporous breast,  
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody, as of their callow young  
Watchful they hover and sing to the sun—  
Gladness, yet not of gloom—  
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing  
Above their cradles, infants slumbering.

On the warm hillside, where  
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass  
Peepeth the luscious strawberry? As they pass,  
Young children gambol there,  
Crushing the gaudy fruit in playful mood,  
And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper bluish light  
To the hillside's daisy, as the sun  
Day after day pours warmth on the trees upon  
Till the rich petals are in bloom;  
The trust school-boys look with longing eyes,  
And perchance nibble to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,  
Draws the rich mould around the tender maize;  
While Hope, bright-painted, points to evening days,  
When all the soil shall yield  
And the harvest shall be a benison,  
There shall be laughing voices and tongues of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow-wing,  
The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,  
Borne exultantly from flower to flower,  
A gay and happy thing,  
Born for the sunshine and the summer day,  
Soon passing, like the beautiful, away!

These are the pictures, June!  
Brightest of summer months—thou month of flowers—  
First-born of beauty, whose swift-footed hours  
Thence to the merry days of autumn's flowers  
Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant sound  
Of childhood on the sunny hills peep'd out.

I feel it were not wrong  
To deem that art a type of heaven's climate,  
Only that the clouds and storms of time  
Sweep not the sky along;  
The flowers—air—sun—music—all are thine,  
But brighter—more—lovelier—more divine.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

The Bridal Wine Cup.  
"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine,"  
Cried the young and thoughtless Harvey  
Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through  
The crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the de-  
cisive hour had come. She pressed her  
white hands together, and the leaves of her  
bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow;  
her breath came quicker and her heart beat  
wildly.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for  
this once," said the Judge, in a low tone,  
going towards his daughter, "the company  
expect it. Do not so seriously infringe  
upon the rules of etiquette; in your own  
home act as you please, but in mine, for  
this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal  
pair. Marion's principles were well known.  
Henry had been a connoisseur, but of late  
his manners, the difference in his habits—  
and to night they watched to see, as they  
meekly said, if he was tied down to a  
woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it  
with tempting smiles toward Marion. She  
was very pale, though more composed, and  
her hand shook not, as smiling back, she  
gracefully accepted the crystal tumbler,  
and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had  
she done so, when every eye was arrested  
by her piercing exclamation of oh! how  
terrible!

"What is it?" cried one and all, throng-  
ing together as she had slowly carried the  
glass to her lips, and was fixedly re-  
garding it as though it were some hideous  
object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired  
light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and  
I will tell you. I see, she added, slowly,  
pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling  
liquid—a sight that beggars all description,  
and yet listen—I will point it for you if I  
can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains  
crowned with verdure rise in awful subli-  
mity around; a river runs through and  
bright fountains grow to the water's edge—  
There is a thick warm mist, that the sun  
seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and  
beautiful, were to the sky motion of the  
birds, but there—a group of Indians gather;  
they sit and fro with something like sor-  
row upon their dark brows. And in their  
midst lies a manly form—but his dark cheek  
how deathly, his eyes wild with the fitful  
fire of fever. One friend stands beside  
him—may I, I should say kneels; for see,  
he is pillowing that poor head upon his  
breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy  
looking brow, why should death mark it,  
and he so young! Look how he throws  
back the damp curls! see him clasp his  
hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life!  
mark how he clutches to the form of his  
companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! I  
hear him call piteously his father's name—  
see him twine his fingers together as he  
shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the  
twin of his soul—weeping for him in his  
distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal  
pair shrank back, the untasted wine trem-  
bling in their grasp, and the Judge fell,  
overpowered upon his knees—"see," his arms  
are lifted to heaven—he prays, now wildly,  
for mercy! but few rushes through his  
veins. The friend beside him is weeping;  
see stricken, the dark man move silently  
away, and leave the living and the dying  
together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor,  
broken only by what seemed a smothered  
sob from some manly bosom. The bride  
stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and  
her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its ex-  
tension, and the glass with its little trou-  
bled red waves came slowly towards the  
range of her vision. She spoke again;  
every lip was mute. Her voice was low,  
faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed  
her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon  
is coming up, and his beams lay gently on  
his forehead. He moves not, his eyes are  
set in their sockets; dim are their piercing  
glances; in vain his friends whisper the  
name of father and sister—and no gentle  
voice, and there, without a sound, they  
lay him down in that damp reeking earth.

The only son of a proud father, the only  
idolized brother of a fond sister. And he  
sleeps to die in that distant country, with  
no stone to mark the spot. There he lies  
—my father's son—my own twin brother!  
—a victim to this deadly poison. Father,"  
she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the  
tears rained down her beautiful cheeks,  
"father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convul-  
sed with agony. He raised not his head  
but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No,  
no, my child, in God's name—no."

He lifted the glittering goblet, and let-  
ting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was  
dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a  
tearful eye watched her movement and in-  
stantaneously every wine glass was trans-  
ferred to the marble table on which it had  
been prepared. Then as she looked at the  
fragments of chrysalis, she turned to the  
company saying, "let no friend hereafter  
who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul  
for wine. Not firmer than the everlasting  
hills than my resolve, God helping me, never  
to touch or taste that terrible poison."

And he to whom I have given my hand—  
who watched over my brother's dying form  
in that last solemn hour, and buried the  
dear wanderer there to rest in that  
land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in  
that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistering eyes, his sad, sweet smile  
was her answer. The Judge left the room,  
and when an hour after he returned, and  
with a more subdued manner took part in  
the entertainment of the bridal guests, no  
one could fail to see that he, too, had de-  
termined to banish the enemy at once and  
forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at the wedding  
can never forget the impression so solemnly  
made. Many from that hour foreswore  
the social glass.

Kentucky in '76.

All who are conversant with western  
history—the history of that period in Ken-  
tucky of the dark and bloody ground, as  
it was formerly called, so replete with dan-  
ger and misfortune to the hardy pioneer  
from the ambuscade assaults of the wild  
revengeful Indian—have heard of the old  
Boonsborough fort. Not a trace now re-  
mains of this renowned safehold from the  
inroads of the savage—even the magnifi-  
cent elm under whose wide spreading  
branches the venerable Lytle was accus-  
tomed to send up his voice in humble ac-  
cents to the God of his fathers, and monu-  
ment of other ages which for centuries has  
reared its head, and dared the fury of the  
elements, has yielded to the influence of  
time, and disappeared from its ancient seat  
—but the waters of the same river which  
washed its base and wafted onward the  
light bark of the warrior, rolls on in calm  
and peaceful waves as in former days—  
the waters of the same spring from which  
the devoted few slaked their thirst, now  
supply the wants of the neighboring farm-  
er, and the same hills, which overlooked  
the fort in towering sublimity, and afforded  
a lurking place for the enemies, now yield-  
ing a rich pasture to the lowing herd.

Within the last fifty years the aspect of  
the whole scene has been changed—here,  
where nature's domain was undisturbed,  
here, where the hunter fatigued himself in  
pursuit of the deer and buffalo—here, where  
the forest re-echoed from hill to hill with  
the howling of the wolf and panther and  
the yell of the savage, are finely culti-  
vated fields teeming with the produce of the  
farm, pastures displaying their cultivated  
verdure—herds of cattle breathing life to  
the surrounding hills, and the hum of busy  
men coming cheerfully upon the car. For  
the last time has the warrior launched his  
frail boat upon the noble waters of the Ken-  
tucky, for the last time has he sent forth  
among his blue hills the war-whoop so ter-  
rifying to the defenceless settler—here, for  
the last time has he been appalled by the  
tempest-cloud, and never again will he bow  
down in his banks in supplication to the  
Great Spirit. His doom is sealed; he is  
retiring before the influence of civilization  
as the darkness of night before the morn-  
ing's sun. But his name would live in the  
noble State to which he gave a title as in  
the numerous stories of adventure similar  
to the one about to be related.

In the spring of 1775, a year memora-  
ble alike for the commencement of the  
struggle by which we were able to throw  
off the yoke of British tyranny, and for the  
difficulties experienced by the emigrant in  
his efforts to subdue the hostile imperious  
and inhospitable regions of Ken-  
tucky, the Boonsborough fort was erected  
on the south bank of the river, as a defense  
against the incursions of the northern In-  
dians who were jealous of the whites, justly  
fearing that the hunting grounds pro-  
duced by the blood of their fathers would  
be torn from them, that farms would be  
erected upon their graves, and they them-  
selves hunted down like the beasts of the  
forest, and compelled to seek other homes.

For several years after its erection, the  
outposts indicated that it was their determi-  
nation to destroy the different  
stations, and thus prevent the further  
settlement of the country. Among other  
settlements Boonsborough suffered severely,  
having withstood a siege of nine days  
carried on by a superior force of French  
and Indians. Our story commences im-  
mediately after the siege, when the garriso-  
n was much weakened in point of num-  
bers, when it was dangerous to appear  
outside the picketing, as the savages were  
concealed in the neighboring thickets, al-  
ways ready to fire on those who were so  
hardly as to appear, so unfortunate as to be  
thrust in their way. The early settlers  
of Kentucky were comparatively few, and  
principally from Virginia and North Caro-  
lina, men who with their families had left  
their native firesides and sought a home in  
a wild and unsettled country, with its at-  
tendant trials, privations and dangers,  
which were of no ordinary character—a  
race of men who are fast passing away,  
their brave and energetic, fearless of dan-  
ger, their best friend was their rifle, as it  
was their constant companion for years  
both in the field and camp, while not un-  
frequently the forest was their couch, with  
no covering save the vaulted heavens a-  
bove. Calculating selfishness, the usual  
consequence of merging from a forest to a  
refined state of life, is not one of the traits  
of character transmitted by them to their  
posterity. Brave and magnanimous on the  
field of battle, courteous and hospitable at  
home, the Kentuckian of the present day  
fully maintains the reputation of his ances-  
tors for all that is great, noble and good.

Although sixty-eight years have passed  
away since its erection, there still may be  
found a log building on the right of the road  
leading from the village of Richmond to  
Boonsborough, half a mile  
from the latter place. Its dilapidated ap-  
pearance, crumbling stone chimney and  
moss covered roof, indicate it to have been  
the residence of one of the pioneers of the  
country—and such it was. But every  
thing immediately around it, the fallen trees  
the luxuriant undergrowth, and the num-  
berless briar bushes tell of its desertion and  
neglect, while the bleating sheep and the  
lowing of the cattle as they feed upon the

rich fields of clover in the distance, the  
running and fro of men in the  
harvest field, bespeak the activity of the  
hand of improvement. Years ago, this  
was the habitation of John Cameron,  
a native of South Carolina, but of Scotch  
descent. Among the first emigrants who  
had settled in Kentucky, he assisted in  
building the fort, but shortly after its com-  
pletion, being weary of the restraint at-  
tendant upon the number of families living  
within the enclosure, determined to make  
a "clearing" and erect a cabin at a short  
distance from the fort, so that in case of  
disturbance he might retire to his com-  
fortable dwelling. During its construction the  
French and Indians he sought refuge in it,  
and from some cause or other, his improve-  
ments escaped the incendiary torch of the  
besiegers, so that upon the retirement of  
the main body he again ventured out, with-  
out the aid of the advice of those who were  
well acquainted with their treachery.

The Cameron family consisted of the  
father, mother, son and daughter. A suc-  
cession of misfortunes had induced them  
to leave their native State and brave the  
dangers of a pioneer life with the hope of  
being able in the course of time to retrieve  
the past. Though in moderate circum-  
stances, their hospitality drew around their  
freed the best society of the neigh-  
borhood, while not a few were attracted by  
the charms of the daughter Edith, as love-  
ly a girl as sported in all the buoyancy of  
youth upon the banks of the glassy Peder.

A love for our native land is common to  
all—but by none is an absence from it  
more poignantly felt than by the young  
and inexperienced. Home! happy home!  
Away from it, we are constantly wander-  
ing in imagination to the spot most dear to  
us on earth, memory paints to us in vivid  
colors the scene of youth, the blue hills,  
and the forest around the place of our birth.  
Days of our youth days of innocence and  
delight which pass off as sweetly as the  
dew from the leaf under the warming in-  
fluence of a May day sun—when passed  
they never can be recalled—and then, only  
then do we realize the truth of the  
destiny of the boy in the fable, who wan-  
dered from home in search of contentment  
—when in reality he had left upon his  
own native hearth that for which he had  
exchanged himself. An anticipated departure  
from childhood's abode is scarcely less  
painful than reality. The eyes of Edith  
Cameron filled with tears as she seated  
herself at the foot of the hill from which  
issued a stream of water whence she was  
accustomed to draw the daily supply. The  
next day's rising sun would find her pre-  
paring to leave those scenes where she had  
spent the happiest period of her life—  
perhaps never to re-visit them. The rip-  
pling brook—its banks bedecked with the  
sweetest flowers, and the moss-covered ar-  
bor under which she delighted to seat her-  
self at the hour of twilight, and weave  
those words of love and affection, the  
imagination of youth—would be left  
behind. The clear starlight of a southern  
sky flashed through the dense forest, and  
the music of the wood-lark would be re-  
membered only with the past. With such  
anticipations as these, need we say that the  
girl wept tears of regret. Edith's com-  
panion (for she had one) was a youth  
some twenty years of age, of robust frame  
the image of health and manly vigor.

From early infancy they had been asso-  
ciated, and attended the same school and  
read from the same book—he had been her  
defender from the rudeness of the other  
boys, and in return for his gallantry he was  
permitted to attend her father's gate on  
their return from school. Their friend-  
ship, as they grew older, ripened into love  
—but never until the evening referred to  
had William Harvey ventured to speak of  
the secrets of his heart. The moon was  
high in the heavens ere they parted that  
night. What passed between them need  
scarcely be told—their love was affianced—  
vows were pledged—forever heaven—and he  
was to follow the Cameron family to the  
wilds of Kentucky in the course of the suc-  
ceeding spring.

An interval of a few months must be  
passed over. The family arrived safely  
at their home—improvements were made  
—and the arrival of young Harvey expect-  
ed. He at length made his appearance,  
and again there was rejoicing under the  
humble roof of the settlers—though in the  
midst of danger, and every moment liable  
to an attack from their enemies. Late in  
autumn the marriage of Harvey and Edith  
was to be celebrated. The appointed day  
had arrived—the company assembled and  
the blazing of the huge maple and hickory  
wood fire, as it reflected its light upon the  
rude ceiling, imparted an air of comfort to  
the well filled building. The bride array-  
ed in virgin white, leaning upon the arm of  
the groom, made her appearance—silence  
prevailed—the aged minister, his hair sil-  
vered by the frosts of many winters, ap-  
proached and began the ceremony which  
was to unite the young and happy couple  
in bonds to be severed only by death,  
when yells, fierce and terrific, were heard  
without. A momentary pause, and a score of  
disguised demons forced a door, but the  
astonishment and awe, into which they  
within the house were thrown, gave way  
and their assailants were met at the thresh-  
old with a determination not anticipated  
by the swarthy band. The females retire  
to an inner room for protection, while the  
men defended the doors. As the en-  
trance to the house was narrow, the whites  
had the advantage, although in point of  
numbers the white were less than the In-  
dians. Warrior after warrior fell back in  
the rear, until the Indian force was much  
weakened. For hours the strife continued  
with unabated fury, but the part of  
the whites had suffered, when suddenly  
the Indians retired from the contest, and  
left them in possession of the house. The  
whole party (now weakened by three of  
the stoutest hearts that ever beat) again  
assembled to finish the ceremony which  
was interrupted before its conclusion, and  
to consult as to the future. Having deter-  
mined to abandon the place and retire to  
the fort, they were upon the eve of doing  
so, when their feet returned to the assault  
with renewed energy and with more suc-  
cess. In the thickest of the fight appeared  
a tall warrior, towering above the rest;  
seemed to be the leader of the band;—  
brandishing his hatchet, he made his way  
in the midst of the whites, and seizing the  
almost inanimate form of Edith, bore her  
his arms to the door in safety. A scream  
of misery and despair burst from the  
lips of the groom and his friends when it  
was perceived that he had gained the  
open space, as they knew it would be mad-  
ness to rest upon the savage, protected as  
he was by his senseless burden. Followed  
by the rest of his band, the warrior dis-  
appeared in the recesses of the forest.

Pursuit was determined upon. Rein-  
forced by a party from the fort, the young-  
est Cameron and Harvey, within a half an  
hour of their retreat of the savages, were  
upon their trail. For nearly twenty-four  
hours the Indians did not venture to delay  
a moment, knowing that instant pursuit  
would be made. Upon the evening after  
the battle, the pursuers caught a glimpse of

their foes as they were ascending a hill  
some half a mile distant from them. They  
wisely determined not to risk an engage-  
ment until night, when by stratagem they  
might be able to succeed with less danger  
to themselves.

The Indians halted at dark; but as if an-  
ticipating an attack, their fires were extin-  
guished in the gloom. The night was  
dark and stormy—the moon failed to shed  
its rich and genial influence over the scene  
—and the wind whistled through the forest  
fearfully. No bird or omen warbled its  
mournful tones in token of its loneliness;  
not even the murmur of a distant waterfall  
as it fell from rock to rock from the moun-  
tain's top was heard—the wind alone broke  
the stillness of nature. The darkness pre-  
vented them from making an attempt (as  
was first agreed on) to rescue the prisoner  
—it was determined to await the first dawn  
of day, and make the onset while they  
were yet sleeping. The whites were in  
number—while the Indian force amounted  
to fourteen.

The Indians did not take the precau-  
tion to bind closely their prisoner, so that upon  
the first discharge of the rifles of the pur-  
suer he was enabled to disengage himself  
from the cords with which he was bound;  
but before she had gained her feet, her cap-  
tivity stood over her, brandishing his war  
club which he snatched from the hand of  
another as he was rising from the ground.  
Instantly the keen eye of Harvey recog-  
nized the savage, and, leveling his gun, he  
fired. The ball pierced the Indian's fore-  
head, who leaped from the ground and fell  
dead. In quick and rapid succession the  
rest of the party fired again, and again  
the Indians, perceiving their diminished  
number, made a hasty retreat, leaving  
behind their guns and other instruments of  
death. Infuriated at the cruelty of the  
savages the whites pursued them for miles.  
Two fell from fatigue and were despatched  
by the hatchet, while the third, desperate  
from the numerous wounds received, com-  
ing to the Licking where the banks are  
high and abrupt, determined to sacrifice  
himself rather than to fall under the knife  
of the white man, and precipitated himself  
into the bounding stream, and perished be-  
neath its waves. Thus died the last of  
the band of the brave but cruel chieftain  
Ki-o-da-go.

The party returned from the pursuit  
without an accident. Harvey and his wife,  
after the cessation of hostilities and the  
death of her parents, which occurred short-  
ly afterwards, removed some distance into  
the country from the river, and but a few  
years have elapsed since they yielded up  
in peace their spirits to God. Their des-  
cendants are numerous, and to this day do  
they recount to their children the scenes of  
the "bride's eve."

This is but one of the incidents with  
which the "dark and bloody ground" is  
rife. Scarcely a clearing there, but has its  
legend. At our day it is difficult to be-  
lieve all the perils to which our fathers  
were subjected, or the privations which  
the mothers and daughters of Kentucky  
endured.

THE MINISTER AND THE FIDDLER.—A good  
story is related, in which Dr. Pond is made  
to figure prominently. On a certain  
day he was waited upon by a maiden lady  
of his congregation, who came to reprimand  
the esteemed and somewhat factious pre-  
acher, for having bought a fiddle for his son.  
Scarcely waiting for the usual salutations,  
upon entering the pastor's dwelling, she-  
gan, as the story goes:

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your  
age and profession might have something  
better to do when you were in New Lon-  
don, last week, than to buy Enoch a fiddle;  
all the people were ashamed that our min-  
ister should buy his son a fiddle. A fiddle!  
Oh, dear, what is the world coming to,  
when ministers will do such things!"

"Who told you I had bought Enoch a  
fiddle?" inquired the Doctor.

"Who told me? Why every body says  
so, and some people have heard him play  
on it as they passed the door. But ain't it  
true, Doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went  
to New London."

"A violin! What's that?"

"Did you ever see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch," said the Doctor, stepping to  
the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no soon-  
er had he entered with his instrument, than  
the lady exclaimed:

"Laf! now there; why it's a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the Doctor,  
"but let us see your son's wink; wait till you  
hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hun-  
dred. The lady was completely mystified;  
it looked like a fiddle, but then who ever  
heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle!

It could not be. So arising to depart, she  
exclaimed:

"I am glad I came to satisfy myself. La,  
my just think how people will lie!"

From the New Albany Ledger.

STORY OF A BANK BILL.—We find the  
following on a bank bill of a \$3 bill now in  
our possession:

HICKMAN, Ky., 7th Oct., 1854.

Last night I came to play a gentle-  
manly game of cards with some citizens of  
this place. I had \$480. This morning this  
\$3 bill is all that is left me. I will not say  
I regard them as a—d—d scaly trio.

For the benefit of those who visit Hickman,  
I have made this confession of my folly. If  
you value your pocket-book, do not gamble  
with any "old, and respectable citizens"  
of Hickman.

To which, on the same bill, is appended  
the following lines:

Thou can't be me, poor little note,  
Profaned by folly's curse,  
With many a blessing breathed beneath  
I send them from my porch.

I pray that in whatever hands  
Hereafter thou may'st fall,  
Thou'lt carry peace, and hope, and joy  
To each one, and to all.

And if I never see thee more,  
I pray thee never  
I pray thee never  
Be thou or lost in play.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 15, 1855.

Why Not Successful?—The young me-  
chanic or clerk marries and takes a house,  
which he proceeds to furnish twice as ex-  
pensively as he can afford, and then his  
wife, instead of taking hold to help him  
earn a livelihood, by doing her own work,  
must have a hired servant to help her spend  
his limited earnings. Ten years afterward,  
he will find him struggling under a double  
load of debts and children, wondering why  
the luck was always against him while his  
friends regard his unhappy destination of  
financial ability. Had they from the first  
been frank and honest, he need not have  
been so unlucky. The world is full of peo-  
ple who can't imagine why they don't prosper  
like their neighbors, when the real obstacle  
is not in banks or tariffs, but bad public opi-  
nion or hard times, but in their own extrava-  
gance and heedless ostentation.

The tear itself often flows like a diamond  
on the cheek where the rose and lily blend  
in moral beauty as a perfect daguerre-  
type of benevolence, is still a great  
er. It shone thus on the Savior's cheek  
at the tomb of Lazarus, and when he wept  
over Jerusalem. It still shines in his dis-  
ciples in their mission of mercy. There  
are, indeed, tears of deceit, like those fabled  
of the crocodile. Let them pass. None  
but a fallen angel would gather them. These  
are tears of gratitude, of joy. These  
sparkle like the morning dew.

Sales of Land, &c.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.  
A GOOD second-hand ROCKAWAY, not ab-  
used by use, for sale. Apply to  
Shelbyville, May 7, 1856. MRS. E. BELL.

SHELBY FARM FOR SALE.  
OFFER at private sale my FARM, on Ballin-  
lough Creek, six miles north of Shelbyville. It  
contains 123 ACRES; 95 acres cleared and under  
good fence, and in a good state of cultivation;  
the balance, 28 acres, well wooded, and partly set  
in good grass. There are on the farm a comfortable  
dwelling, with all necessary out-buildings, a never  
failing spring, and plenty of stock water. Persons  
wishing to purchase will call on the undersigned, on  
the premises, when the terms will be made known.  
L. W. ZARING.

SPENCER LAND FOR SALE.  
Two adjoining FARMs—separate or together.  
For in Spencer county, on the waters of  
Brashear's Creek, six miles north of Taylorville,  
adjoining the lands of Andrew Allen and A. M. Rice,  
containing 150 acres of land, well wooded, and  
in a good state of cultivation; a young bearing or-  
chard of the choicest fruit on each; in bearing of  
two hundred and fifty bushels of apples, and black-  
berry, and all within a few hundred yards of a  
smith-shop—all within a few hundred yards of a  
further particulars apply to the undersigned, per-  
sons living on the premises.

DANIEL NOWLIN.  
JAMES ROWLAND.  
Spencer county, Ky., May 14, 1856. 1856

SHELBY LAND FOR SALE.  
THE undersigned offers at private sale, THE  
FARM of J. M. ARMSTRONG, on the waters of  
Shelby county. It is situated on the north  
Frankfort road, 4 miles east of Shelbyville, and con-  
tains 100 ACRES, mostly in cultivation, and of  
excellent quality; nearly all under fence. Build-  
ings are not superior; but may be made comfortable  
at little expense. Terms shall be accommodating.  
For further particulars apply to the subscriber, liv-  
ing in Clayburg, Shelby county, Ky. Agent for R. H.  
SMITH, Executor of Mrs. Lucinda D. Layton, de-  
ceased. WILLIAM S. WILSON.

THE FARM OF J. W. GILL.  
LYING on the Shelbyville and Frankfort turnpike  
road, 13 miles east of Clayburg, is offered for  
sale at 100 ACRES, mostly in cultivation; nearly  
all adapted to the growth of hemp, and 50 finely  
timbered, and well set in blue grass.  
Apply to the undersigned, on the premises, at  
Shelbyville, Ky., May 14, 1856. J. W. GILL.

SHELBY FARM FOR SALE.  
I WISH to sell the FARM, on which I re-  
side, 5 miles east of Shelbyville, and one mile  
north of the turnpike, containing 120 acres, in a  
high state of cultivation. The improvements consist  
of a new frame dwelling, of good size, and con-  
venient; with necessary out-buildings, and never fail-  
ing water.

Also, a TRACT OF LAND, situated on the new  
Frankfort road, one-half mile from the Farm, con-  
taining 100 acres in a high state of cultivation, nearly  
all under fence; has on it all necessary improvements,  
as well as a well watered, and never failing  
water.

I will sell them together, or separately. Those  
wishing to purchase would do well to examine for  
themselves, before purchasing elsewhere. Call on  
the undersigned, on the premises, at  
Shelbyville, Ky., May 14, 1856. WILLIS W. PARRISH.

BULLSHIN FARM FOR SALE.  
THE undersigned wishes to sell his FARM, con-  
taining 100 ACRES, lying in Shelby county, Ky.,  
7 miles northwest from the city of Lexington, and  
four miles south of the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad,  
on the waters of Bullshin. About 125 acres cleared,  
and in a fine state of cultivation; the remainder in  
fine timber land, and well set in blue grass. The  
improvements are good, and the farm is well water-  
ed, and all under fence.

For further particulars, address the undersigned  
at Smithfield, Henry county, Ky.  
WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Jr.

THIRTY HEAD OF DURHAM  
CATTLE FOR SALE.  
WILL be sold at public sale to the highest bidder,  
on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1856, at my  
residence on the Harrodsburg turnpike road, three  
miles from the city of Lexington, Kentucky, a lot  
of 30 head of Durham Cattle, consisting of some fine Cows,  
as Cows, Cows, Cows, and Old Cows.

Also, two very superior Heifers, most of them  
from fifteen to twenty months old, all reds and  
beautiful roans, not a white among them; they are  
and have been bred by one of the best breeders in  
the country, and are well adapted to the soil, and  
intending to spend this summer at the North, and  
somewhere in the South the coming winter, for the  
benefit of my health, I am forced to make a public  
sale of them.

Also, at the same time, I will sell my STOCK OF  
HORSES, among them several fine bred Marcs,  
by imported Hedgesford, and now in foal; L. D. Down-  
ing's superior horse, Edwin Forrest, and several  
valuable English and American horses.

Also, my COTSWOLD and SOUTHDOWN  
SHEEP, and some pretty young Suffolk HOGS.  
Catalogues of my cattle will be furnished in due  
time, and will be sent to persons desiring them, in-  
vite for the sale comes off.

As I consider my herd of cattle one of the finest  
ever offered for sale in Kentucky, I invite the  
public to come and see them before the day of sale,  
that they may judge for themselves; and if those who  
do not say they are well used and bred, and  
ride, after a thorough examination of my herd, I will  
acknowledge that I am not a judge of fine Dur-  
ham Cattle.

Nine months credit will be the terms of sale.  
JOHN CURD.

Fayette county, Ky., June 4, 1856. 1855

Cincinnati Advertisements.